

FARINGDON HILL.

A

P O E M.

IN TWO BOOKS.

FIES NOBILIUM TU QUOQUE MONTIUM.

THE SECOND EDITION,

WITH ODES, ELEGIES, AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ;

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ARGUMENT.

FARINGDON HILL, so called from the neighbouring town, is an eminence rising easily from the vale of White-Horse; the whole of which it commands, as well as an extensive prospect over part of Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire, and Wiltshire. It has a small grove on the top, which is a noted land-mark, being seen at a great distance every way.

FARINGDON HILL.

BOOK I.

NOW with meridian force the orb of day
Pours on our throbbing heads his fultry ray;
O'er the wide concave of the blue serene
No fleecy cloud or vapory mist is seen;
The panting flocks and herds, at ease reclined,
Catch the faint eddies of the flitting wind;
'To silence hush'd is every rural sound;
And noontide spreads a solemn stillness round:
Alike our languid limbs would now forsake
The open meadow, and the tangled brake;
Here Sol. intensely glows, and there the trees
Mix their thick foliage and exclude the breeze.—
Come let us quit these scenes, and climb yon brow,
Yon airy summit where the ZEPHYRS blow;
While waving o'er our heads the welcome shade,
Shuts out the sunbeams from the upland glade:

A

No

No steep ascent we scale with feverish toil,
No rocks alarm us, and no mountains foil;
But as we gently tread the rising green,
Large, and more large extends the spacious scene;
Till on the verdant top our labour crown'd,
The wide Horizon is our only bound.

What various objects scatter'd round us lie,
And charm on every side the curious eye!—
Amidst such ample stores, how shall the Muse
Know where to turn her sight, and which to
choose?—

Here lofty mountains lift their azure heads;
There its green lap the grassy meadow spreads;
Enclosures here the sylvan scene divide;
There plains extended spread their harvests wide;
Here oaks, their mossy limbs wide stretching, meet,
And form impervious thickets at our feet;
Through aromatic heaps of ripening hay,
There silver Isis wins her winding way;
And many a tower, and many a spire between,
Shoots from the groves, and cheers the rural scene.

Still as I look, fresh objects seem to rise;
And lovelier pictures strike my raptured eyes,
As young remembrance paints each sylvan glade,
Where full of glee my careless childhood stray'd.

Though

BOOK I. FARINGTON HILL.

3

Though other hills perhaps as large a field
 To warm description's fairy powers may yield,
 As rich a prospect to the sight display,
 O'er meads as verdant, and o'er plains as gay;
 Yet, when in MEMORY's magic mirror shewn,
 The country smiles with beauties not it's own;
 Her fair reflection new delight supplies,
 And every floweret blooms with deeper dyes;
 The landscape seems to brighten while I gaze,
 And PHOEBUS shines with more than summer rays;
 O'er the high woods a livelier verdure reigns,
 And more luxuriant harvests deck the plains;
 Even when fell winter spreads his mantle drear,
 And big with snow descends the inclement year,
 Let but her glass reflect the dismal view,
 The wither'd trees their wonted charms renew;
 The feather'd tribes resume their chearing lay,
 And spring her odors, and his beams the day;
 DECEMBER yields to APRIL's milder power,
 And vernal blossoms grace the wintery hour.

O sacred NATURE! Nymph divinely bright!
 Unfold thy various prospects to my sight;
 With thee o'er breezy uplands let me rove,
 Or tread the devious labyrinth of the grove;
 When from the east the glorious orb of day
 Shoots o'er the burnish'd cliff his golden ray,

A 3

When

When splendid in meridian light array'd
His piercing beams the woodland gloom pervade ;
When wrap'd in misty evening's silent reign
The increasing darkness steals across the plain ;
When o'er the dusky stole of silent night
The Delian goddess throws her silver light ;
When gently, o'er the flower empurpled vale
The vernal ZEPHYRS breathe a genial gale ;
When, as fierce SUMMER's sultry beams descend,
With blushing fruit the loaded branches bend ;
When AUTUMN crowns the hills with waving corn,
And pours profusion from his twisted horn ;
While deepening shade on shade the woods are seen,
From the full crimson to the faded green ;
Or when, its leafy honors swept away,
The scatter'd forrest yields to winters sway ;
When the cascade, by icy fetters tied,
Must cease to murmur, and the stream to glide ;
While blows the storm, or falls the chilling rain,
Or fleecy snows o'erspread the whiten'd plain ;
In every hour and season let me trace,
Enchanting NATURE ! thy transcendant grace ;
With eager eyes thy lovely form survey,
And bless with grateful voice thy boundless sway.
Happy the youth ! on whose high honor'd head
The sacred nine their fostering influence shed,

Though

Book I. FARINGDON HILL. 9

Though they refuse the lasting wreath, whose bloom
Shall grace his living brow, and deck his tomb;
For the fresh laurel give a sickly flower,
Boast of a day, and glory of an hour;
Yet taught by them his ravish'd eyes explore
The choicest objects of thy charming store:
For him their strains the sylvan warblers breathe,
For him fair MAJA twines their flowery wreath;
Fragrant for him the morning breezes blow,
The poplar trembles and the fountains flow;
Thy various beauties strike his raptured breast,
And NATURE's charms improve by FANCY dress'd.

Enough has FANCY, frantic with delight,
O'er the gay region stretch'd her vagrant flight;
Let sage Experience now of brow severe
Arrest her soaring in her bold career:
Nor thou, historic Truth, thy aid refuse,
But join the labors of the rural MUSE;
With friendly care the pleasing toil divide,
That while she paints the blooming landscape's pride,
Thy voice each storied relic may explain,
And tell the former fortunes of the plain.

First to the north direct your roving eyes,
Where fair OXONIA's verdant hills arise;

There

6 FARINGDON HILL. Book I.

There BURFORD's downs invite the healthful chace,
 Or urge the emulous courfers to the race;
 While as with agile limbs the ascent they scale,
 Rush down the steep, or sweep across the vale,
 Exulting hope, by turns, and chilling fear
 In the pale cheek and eager eye appear;
 Each generous fire in every heart is lost,
 By fortune favour'd, or by fortune cross'd;
 Flies every virtue, withers every grace,
 And all the selfish passions take their place.

Emerging from the thicket's bosom, there
 See BAMPTON's pointed steeple rise in air:
 To farther distance now the prospect drawn,
 Lo WITNEY's spire diversifies the lawn!
 Whose busy loom to balmy sleep supplies
 A guard from wintery cold and freezing skies:
 There WHICHWOOD's oaks thick-waving o'er the
 glade
 Yield to the salvage tribe an ample shade:
 And in the horizon faintly tinged with blue
 Thy woods, imperial BLENHEIM! close the view.
 NATURE between one verdant carpet spreads
 Of fruitful pastures and enamel'd meads;
 Whose bending reeds, and osier'd banks among,
 Fair Isis rolls her virgin waves along;

Her

BOOK I. FARINGDON HILL: 7

Her horn while PLENTY pours on every side,
And PALES revels where her waters glide.

Hail, lovely Isis ! dear parental stream !
The pride of commerce, and the poet's theme :
Though, vain of borrow'd pomp, imperious THAME,
Deck'd with the praise which pught to wait thy name,
Triumphant pours his swelling waves along,
Hail'd by the bard, and dignified in song ;
Thy silver urn the affluent tide bestows,
And from thy source the plenteous current flows :
Such is the fate that female honours find,
When to a mate unequal fondly joined.
O had thy stream ! like ARETHUSE of old,
If virgin waters unpolluted roll'd,
Old THAME through humble vales had pass'd alone,
Sung by no bard, unnoticed, and unknown ;
While thine had been confess'd the unrival'd pride,
To waft in commerce with each rising tide,
With foreign spoils AUGUSTA's walls to greet,
And lay the nations tribute at her feet :
Thine been the boast to flow, with current clear,
Through * meads to BRITISH Freedom ever dear,
Where the bold Barons in a happy hour
Wrested her charter from a tyrant's power ;

* Runy mead, near Staines, where Magna Charta was signed.

While

8 FARINGDON HILL. Book I.

While grateful bards contended to rehearse
 Thy virgin glories in no vulgar verse :
 For long as WINDSOR raised her sylvan shade
 Or COOPER'S swelling hill o'erlook'd the glade,
 Sacred to fame thy stream had flow'd along,
 In POPE'S soft lays, or DENHAM'S sounding song.
 Then as thy lucid current gently stray'd
 Through fair ETONA'S academic shade ;
 While by thy side his silver Lyre he strung,
 GRAY to thy wave his dulcet notes had sung :
 And many a bard in GRANTA'S vale who strays,
 And tunes to hoary CAM his votive lays,
 Whose youthful Fancy and invention new
 Cull'd the fresh flowers that on thy borders grew,
 Had join'd to celebrate thy classic fame,
 And half his tribute paid to ISIS name.

And lo ! where heathy * CUMNER'S envious
 height
 Hides thy imperial city from my sight !
 Where 'midst fair RHEDICINA'S gothic towers,
 Her hallow'd cloisters, and PIERIAN bowers,
 ISIS her silver urn inclines, and views
 The votive wreath of every grateful MUSE.

* Cumner horst, a hill near Oxford.

Book I. FARINGTON HILL. 69

No rivulet there from thee their tribute draws,
Usurps thy fame, or shares their just applause:
But gentle CHERWELL hears with joy their lays,
And loves the strain that chants a sister's praise;
Pleased if the MUSE, to grace her head, bestows
One roseate flower that on thy Margin blows.
Nor shall thy reeds in future times complain
Of slighted worth and THAME's usurp'd domain;
That his too favor'd stream with princely waves
The crowded walls of proud AUGUSTA laves;
The votive verse that POPE and DENHAM raise,
And breathe to him the swelling note of praise;
For him that GRAY the strain unequal'd frames,
And sings the moral ode to hoary THAMES;
Since fair OXONIA's polish'd sons unite
To vindicate thy classic current's right;
Since every MUSE to thee consigns her lays,
And every SCIENCE on thy border strays;
And every Grace, and every Art, whose powers
In symmetry have raised her dædal towers,
To listening crowds thy parent worth proclaim,
And found their pride on thy maternal name.

Ere yet such scenes of pomp thy channel knows,
While humbly here thy lingering water flows;
While yet thy virgin waves obscurely glide,
Sung by no MUSE, nor boast a classic tide;

40 FARINGDON HILL. Book I.

Say wilt thou here incline thy urn, to heed
 The inglorious warbling of my doric reed ?
 Though here no city spread her various stores,
 No costly villas crown thy peopled shores ;
 Yet every charm of Peace's rural reign
 Attends thy progress thro' each smiling plain.
 The flocks and herds here crowd thy rushy brink,
 Graze on thy sides or from thy bosom drink ;
 And every herb, and every flower that blows
 On the green margin where thy current flows ;
 If a luxuriant bloom they justly boast,
 Beyond the produce of another coast ;
 As in thy glassy wave their charms they see,
 Shall own they owe each vivid tint to thee:

* Yet glittering spears have here been whilom
 seen,

And purple war has stain'd thy officers green ;
 Here hostile swords have shed a horrid gleam,
 And floating corpes choked thy frightened stream ;
 While civil discord drove with hideous roar
 The trembling NAIADS from thy widow'd shore.
 Ah ! ne'er may arms again thy seats invade,
 Or shouts of war disturb thy hallow'd shade ;

* There was a battle fought in Richard the second's time at
 Radcot bridge just below Faringdon.

But

BOOK I. FARINGDON HILL.

But heaven-born Peace with Plenty in her train
Fix on thy sedge banks her halcyon reign.

• Here too, more fell than wars destructive race,
Has **SUPERSTITION** shewn her gorgon face :
Here where thy chearing stream with gentle waves
These fertile meads and verdant pastures laves,
Where now unwearied industry resides,
And toil exulting tills thy fruitful sides ;
For **LIBERTY** protects the happy swains,
And **PROPERTY** secures what labor gains ;
Ere the rich soil, though cultured, useless lay,
To monkish ease and luxury a prey,
While distant abbeys with thy wealth were stored,
The **BRITISH** subjects of an alien lord.
When bigot **JOHN**, despotic power to gain,
Found open force and treacherous cunning vain ;
His daring nobles fired by virtuous pride
His arts eluded and his force defied ;
With **ROME**'s anathemas he arm'd his hand,
And papal thunders shook the trembling land ;
Thirsting for lawless sway, he stooped to own
His crown dependant on a foreign throne ;
To foreign lords ignoble homage gave,
To reign at home a tyrant and a slave.

* The Manor and Hundred of Faringdon were granted by K.
John to the abbey of Beaulieu in the New Forest, Hants.

12 FARINGTON HILL. Book I.

'Twas then the ravenous monks, a sordid crew,
 O'er all the wasted land like locusts flew;
 Each rich demesne that to the crown remain'd,
 By right, by forfeiture, or conquest gain'd,
 Was sold to gratify the Churches pride,
 And bribe the holy cohorts to his side.
 Even 'mid those scenes of devastation wild,
 Where WILLIAM's power the fertile district spoil'd,
 The gazing pilgrim saw with strange surprize
 Aspiring structures 'midst the desert rise;
 And where no trace of man's abode was seen,
 No noise disturb'd the tenants of the green,
 Save the seas breaking o'er the sounding shore,
 Or the faint dashing of the distant oar;
 There haughty BEAULIEU's gothic arches bend,
 And high in air her glittering spires ascend;
 While the wild forest's hairy sons around
 Start at the unusual anthem's swelling sound.
 These fruitful plains, in that unhappy hour
 Of papal sway and sacerdotal power,
 Were given the new-raised abbey to maintain;
 And distant BEAULIEU ruled the fair domain.
 The famish'd swain beheld with mournful eye
 The verdant meadows round him useless lie;
 While pamper'd ignorance and priestly pride
 The rich productions of the land divide;

Till

BOOK I. FARINGDON HILL. 13

Till HENRY's haughty soul the bondage broke,
Redeem'd the nation from the servile yoke,
And suffer'd active industry once more
To dwell, fair Isis! by thy happy shore :
Hence as these blooming fields, (thus heaven decreed,)
A tyrant shackled, so a tyrant freed.

Yet now, as through the abbey's mouldering
dome
The MUSES oft with wandering footsteps roam,
And, while with silver radiance LUNA's beam
Shoots through the lengthening isles a trembling
gleam,
As pensive meditation points the way,
By ruin'd piles and nodding towers they stray :
See o'er the impending arch the ivy spread,
And gothic pillars threat the passer's head :
Struck with the awful scene, the astonish'd train
Bewail the fall of SUPERSTITION's reign.
Hence many a bard has o'er the ruins hung,
And mourn'd the devastation as he sung ;
Has error's fate in plaintive verse deplored,
And wept the day that reasons rights restored.

As bending upward towards her scanty source
We backward trace the river's narrowing course,
Her

14 FARINGDON HILL. Book I.

Her pointed spire see * LECHLADE proudly rears !
 And lowly CRICKLADE on her banks appears ;
 † CRICKLADE, where first, when GRÆCIA's letter'd
 train,
 By slavery exiled from their native plain,
 To fair HESPERIA's vales their science bore,
 To GALLIA's fields, and ALBION's distant shore ;
 Those strains ILISSUS' stream was wont to hear
 Were pour'd, O ISIS, on thy raptur'd ear :
 While GRÆCIA's Muse, around whose matron brow
 Had twined the ATHENIAN olive's fruitful bough,
 Forced by the rage of MAHOMET's savage host
 To quit with lingering step BYZANTIUM's coast ;
 Her drooping forehead with thy osiers bound,
 And on thy brink a new LYCEUM found ;
 Till wooed by princely gifts, these peaceful bowers
 She left for GRANTA's and OXONIA's towers.
 And here thy waves, by learning now unknown,
 To busy commerce sacred flow alone,
 Where first the loaded raft, and cumbersome barge,
 Trust to thy placid breast their weighty charge.

* A Market town in Gloucestershire lying on the Isis.

† Creeklade is a town in Wiltshire, from which the navigation of the Isis begins; said to have been originally called Greeklade, from the Greek language being first taught there in England. Though Camden seems to doubt this.

Ah !

Ah, Isis ! can the Muse forget that hand,
 Whose wanton cruelty thy ruin plan'd ?
 Or not forgetting, from resentment free,
 Recall the hours that threaten'd fate to thee ?—
 When vain * projectors doom'd thy stream to flow
 Through meads, neglected, lingering, sad, and
 flow ;
 Till the o'er loaded wave should scarcely force
 Through gathering sand, and sedge, it's laboring
 course ;
 While in thy stead their plastic power should guide
 The stagnate lake, by wintery rains supplied.
 Perish such schemes ! nor by their use be lost
 The noblest river, BRITAIN'S Isle can boast !—
 Let channels, form'd by art, be ever led
 Where no fair current wears a native bed ;
 Then through the obstructing hill, and o'er the vale,
 Like ECERTON conduct the swelling sail :
 Even Isis shall applaud, if from her source,
 To where SABRINA pours her amber course,
 They bid the smooth canal it's length display,
 And feed with copious springs the tedious way :

* Alluding to the scheme of cutting a canal instead of continuing
 the navigation of the river.

Till

Till the fraught barge the extended line explores
 From BRISTOL'S crowded wharf to LONDON'S princely shores.

More westward when we cast our wandering eyes,
 Level as oceans bed the champaign lies :
 While, like some promontory's rugged brow,
 Proud * BADBURY'S height o'erlooks the plain below,
 Where, in yon SAXON camp, the mill its sails
 Spreads to the wind, and courts the rising gales.
 Beneath how open lies the spacious scene !
 No lofty mountains envious intervene ;
 But o'er the extended lawns our fancies stray,
 Till lost in hazy mists they fade away ;
 But faint degrees the distant prospect dies,
 And the blue landscape melts into the skies.

Where gently COLB'S pellucid waters glide,
 Here † FAIRFORD rears her tower with conscious pride ;
 Whose windows, with historic painting dight,
 Attract the curious traveller's wondering sight :

* A high hill, between Faringdon and Colehill, where there are the remains of an encampment.

† Fairford is a town in Gloucestershire, famous for the painted glass in the church windows.

And

And there, conspicuous 'mid the lawny glade,
 Fair CIRENCESTER spreads her ample shade.
 Hail happy seat ! whose twilight glooms among
 Full many a bard has raised the tuneful song.
 Grows not an oak his hundred arms who spreads
 O'er the gay verdure of thy fruitful meads ;
 Sighs not a grotto to thy murmuring gales,
 Now flows a fountain through thy winding vales ;
 But seems a classic influence to diffuse,
 To Science dear, and haunted by the MUSE :
 Who oft as morning pours her misty ray,
 Or fades the glimmering beam of parting day,
 Explores each nodding grove, and every plain,
 Sacred to her and all her favorite train.
 These scenes could ADDISON's chaste notes inspire ;
 Here POPE harmonious struck his silver lyre,
 Caught 'midst these solemn shades the glorious plan,
 " To vindicate the ways of GOD to man."
 ARBUTHNOT here, and SWIFT, with useful art
 Rear'd Satire's dreaded scourge, or steel'd her dart :
 Here PRIOR the GRACES form'd thy foster lay
 And taught the moral strain to blameless GAY ;
 Each pleased the master's praises to engage,
 The famed MÆCENAS of that happier age.

After such bards, O BATHURST, wilt thou deign
 To mark the notes of my inglorious strain ?

C

Shall

Shall I presume in these degenerate days
 To form one humble verse to BATHURST's praise ?
 Yes, thou wilt deign my artless notes to hear,
 Wilt to my strain inglorious bend thine ear ;
 And as thy patronage, with noontide ray,
 Bade to full vigour shoot the verdant bay,
 Taught it the storms of envy to deride,
 And spread it's waving boughs with summer pride ;
 So thy declining beam with milder power
 Shall shed it's influence on the autumnal flower.

O blest old man ! on thy thrice happy head
 Her choicest gifts has smiling Fortune shed ;
 Has been for once from taste capricious free,
 And true to virtue's cause in favoring thee.
 As ANNA's hand around thy youthful brow
 Thy country's fairest honors taught to grow ;
 So now, while JUSTICE bids exulting fame
 Tell to succeeding times her APSLEY's name,
 Marking the source from whence his merit flows,
 A fresher wreath thy grateful Prince bestows.
 Meantime, disarm'd of all his hostile rage,
 Lenient on thee descends the weight of Age ;
 While still thy soul preserves her wonted power,
 To charm the letter'd or the social hour :
 No sharp disease attends his gentle reign,
 Nor palsied indolence nor wasting pain,

But

BOOK I. FARINGDON HILL. 19

But healthful through the woods thy footsteps stray,
Where thy own oaks their gloomy shade display:
For to thy lot of all mankind is given
That joy peculiar by indulgent heaven,
To see, while round the barbarous hand of taste
Deforms the grove, and lays the forest waste,
O'er each uncultured hill, and barren glade,
Thy rising thickets spread unusual shade,
And, in their full luxuriance dress'd, display
Their waving foliage to the face of day.

May thy example BRITAIN'S lords inspire!
O may they catch from thee the patriot fire!
Then shall the DRYADS, and their sprightly train,
Rove o'er the extent of many a barren plain:
O'er the bleak waste, where dreary heath and skies
Fatigue the sight, the forest then should rise;
Again on WINDSOR'S heights the woods be seen,
And all her sable hills be cloath'd with green;
Her russet mountains send their oaks once more
To waft destruction to some hostile shore.

What though BRITANNIA'S plains manured with
care
Refuse the plants of every soil to bear;
What though no olive grow among her vales,
No citron groves perfume her balmy gales;

Though INDIA's spicy forests are denied,
Nor spreads JUDEA's palm her leafy pride ;
Yet her thick woods unnumber'd trees produce,
Sacred at once to ornament and use.
With verdant beech her towering hills are spread,
And SCOTIA's pine erects her gloomy head ;
The shapely fir that graced * OLYMPUS' brow
Deigns o'er her heights to wave her silver bough ;
And, holy LEBANON, thy cedars rise,
Hang o'er her cliffs, nor dread her northern skies ;
The elm and pliant ash, a vigorous train,
Deck with resplendent green the smiling plain ;
The bending willow o'er the marshy glade
And shining poplar shed a trembling shade ;
And many a hardy plant is wafted o'er
To grace her forests from the ATLANTIC shore,
Whose branches, rising from the kindred soil,
Mix with her trees, and pay the planter's toil.
Here too, matured by many rolling years,
Above the rest her native oak appears ;
Whose giant limbs extend her noblest boast,
Pride of her groves, and bulwark of her coast.

* The fir that Tournefort says grows in such abundance on Mount Olympus, is what we call the silver fir, which agrees remarkably well with this climate, and will bear the most exposed situations ; as will also that beautiful evergreen the Cedar of Libanus ; though the last is rather slow of growth.

Sure when the DRUID train with awful rite
 In pious orgies past the dreary night ;
 While, as their steps the hallow'd trunk surround,
 The mystic mistletoe their foreheads bound ;
 They meant to teach their sons succeeding race,
 To venerate the groves that deck'd the place.
 O ever on BRITANNIA's grateful breast,
 Unhurt by time, this image be impress'd !
 Still may her heart that sacred tree adore,
 Which drives invasion from her peaceful shore :
 So shall each storm of war, whose fatal sway
 Speeds o'er her neighbouring realms its bloody way,
 Break like the baffled storm against her coast,
 Its force unheeded, and its fury lost ;
 As her own oak defies the headlong course
 Of warring winds, and mocks the tempest's force.

Nor does fair ALBION view with envious eye
 The ripe productions of a southern sky.
 Let the rich vineyard spread its purple stores
 O'er GALLIA's coasts, and LUSITANIA's shores ;
 Where with hard hands the tawny peasants press
 The swelling grape, a foreign board to bless :
 Though 'neath our rougher heaven the docile vine
 Around the lofty elm refuse to twine,

Yet

22 FARINGTON HILL. Book I.

Yet has POMONA with no niggard hand
 Her blushing orchards scatter'd o'er the land ;
 Whose ruddy fruits a generous stream produce
 Strong as the cluster'd grape's inspiring juice.
 Our humble vales the hop's green tendrils grace
 Clasping their stays in many a close embrace ;
 These to the bearded barley's harvest join'd,
 By skill concocted, and with care refined,
 A liquor yield, that BRITAIN'S sons draw forth
 Mantling, and bright, the vintage of the north !
 Which crowns the humble and the haughty board,
 And cheers alike the peasant and the lord ;
 Regales o'erwearied labor at his toil,
 And teaches fainting industry to smile.
 The thankful swain beholds the goblet shine,
 Nor envies other lands their rosy wine,
 Where slavish hinds with skillful hands prepare
 The luscious beverage, which they must not share.
 Refresh'd with this, BRITANNIA'S sons sustain
 The keenest labors of the toilsome plain ;
 Nor, when the hours of work are past, employ
 The vacant eve in gay luxurious joy,
 Trill the loose air, or beat the echoing ground
 To the soft flute, or tabor's sprightly sound ;
 But with knit limbs on rougher pastime bent,
 They strain their sinews to their full extent ;

Direct

Direct the quoit, or hurl the maffy bar,
 Or wage with brawny arms the sportive war.
 In other realms, to humble fwains unknown,
 While honor fires nobility alone,
 Our meanest peafants share the generous flame,
 And learn to glow at freedom's hallow'd dame ;
 Hence have they, led by Glory's call afar,
 With hofts unnumber'd waged the unequal war :
 Hence CRESSY's field, POITIER's victorious fray ;
 Hence glorious AGINCOURT, thy wonderous day !
 Hence EUROPE faved near DANUBE's diftant flood ;
 And BLENHEIM's ramparts red with GALLIC blood !
 And hence thofe manly deeds renew'd again
 On ABRAHAM's heights, and MINDEN's trophied
 plain.

O ne'er may fell Corruption's tainting force
 Poison of all our pride this happy fource !
 To falfe refinement with deftructive pains
 Polish the manly roughnefs of our fwains !
 Exiled from other realms, while here alone
 Fair Liberty erects her holy throne,
 The exulting train, her glorious gifts who share,
 Will fcorn of foreign crowds the fuppliant air :
 Who fees our clowns obfequious, fees the day
 That gives our glory and our rights away.

In

24 FARINGTON HILL. Book I.

In vain would laws guard Freedom's sacred shrine,
If Freedom's sons their native worth resign;
In vain shall fraud attempt, or force alarm,
While valor steels the breast, and labor nerves the
arm.

FARINGTON

FARINGDON HILL.

B O O K II.

THE sultry hours are past : and Phœbus now
Spreads yellower rays along the mountain's
brow :

The broken clouds unnumber'd tints display,
Drinking the effulgence of departing day ;
And to our eyes present a radiant view
ITALIA's purpled ether never knew.
The eastern prospect now attracts the sight
Where every shrub reflects the setting light :
With ruddy flash the cottage casement gleams,
And shines the waving wood with golden beams.

Where Isis stream divides yon distant glade,
Lo * NUNEHAM rises 'midst the sombre shade ;

* The seat of Earl Harcourt.

D

While

While at her feet, as the clear current bends,
 The lofty spire of ABINGDON ascends.
 HYGEIA and her OREAD train inhale
 On * RADLEY's site the pure ethereal gale.
 On † CHERBURY's ramparts, urged by peaceful toil,
 The shining plowshare turns the fruitful soil,
 Where erst the peasant saw with anxious fear
 The gleaming falchion and protended spear.
 On ‡ HINTON's verdant brow the lofty trees
 Tremble obedient to the evening breeze :
 And || PUSEY her inverted dome surveys
 In the smooth stream that through her meadows
 strays.

See § BUCKLAND here her lovely scenes display,
 Which rude e'er while in rich disorder lay,
 Till Taste and Genius with corrective hand
 Spread culture's nicest vesture o'er the land,
 Ranged every object in its fairest light,
 And called each latent beauty to the sight ;
 Cloathed the declining slope with pendant wood,
 And o'er the sedge-grown meadow poured the flood,

* The seat of Sir William Stonhouse, Bart.

† An encampment, said to be Danish, between Abingdon and Faringdon.

‡ The Seat of the Reverend Mr John Loder.

|| The Seat of Mrs Allen.

§ The Seat of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bart.

While

While manly Execution's active arm
 Wakes to existence each ideal charm.
 In the deep gloom of yon impervious bowers,
 There †† CARSWELL hides her hospitable towers;
 And at our feet where the rich pastures spread,
 Lo * WADLEY rears her renovated head,
 As art and active labor, join'd, improve
 Each fair extended lawn and rising grove,
 New scenes unfolding still on every side
 Declare the affluence industry supplied.

Blush! Blush, ye sons of power! who proudly
 stand
 Rich in the ruins of your native land;
 Who every virtue, every right have sold,
 For royal smiles, or ministerial gold;
 Proud on your breasts a glittering badge to bear,
 True honor hates, and freedom scorns to wear,
 If worth, or shewn in peace, or proved in war,
 Shed not a livelier lustre than the star.
 Blush, ye fell race! who cross'd the briny flood,
 Foes to mankind! and prodigal of blood!

†† The Seat of Edward Southby, Esq;

* The Seat of Charles Pye, Esq;

With wanton rage to waft pale famine o'er
From ALBION's cliffs to sad BENGALA's shore :
Where starving myriads on the cruel train
Called Justice' awful sword, but called in vain ;
Till BRITAIN's senate, fired with patriot flame,
Resolved to vindicate their country's fame,
Bade ENGLAND's laws to GANGES' banks extend,
And equal rule the INDIAN's life defend.
Though GRÆCIA's orders grace your marble dome,
Though blooms the fairest landscape where ye roam,
Yet sacred Justice shall your seats pervade,
And Conscience haunt you through the deepest
shade:

Whilst him whose wealth the arts of commerce raise,
Mankind shall honor, and the Muse shall praise.
But if like thine, O CHARLES ! his generous heart
The smiles of fortune to his friends impart ;
If heaven, that gave him affluence, gave him too
A soul to every social duty true ;
Virtue with joy shall chant his favor'd name,
And give a wreath beyond the power of fame ;
While all who know his worth exulting find
That fortune, blessing him, has blest mankind.

Lo * SHELLINGFORD, and † STANFORD, 'midst
the train

Of hoary trees that skirt yon level plain,
The lofty tower and pointed spire display
Conspicuous, glittering in the western ray :
And on yon hill its distant head that rears,
* LOCKINGE aloft thy shining dome appears !
Beneath, what woodland nymph with artful hand
The vaulted grotto's sparry roof has plan'd,
Taught the rude arch with pendant ore to shine,
And ranged each bright production of the mine ?
No sylvan Goddess this retreat can claim,
Form'd by the fancy of a mortal dame ;
Who from yon humble vale's irriguous bed
To the high cliff the chrystal fountain led ;
Thence bade in murmurs soft the lucid wave
Pour its fair current through the craggy cave ;
Where every NAIAD 'midst the rocks reclined,
Approves what Taste and WYMONDESOLD design'd.

* A Seat of Lord Spencer's.

† A Village between Wantage and Faringdon.

* The Seat of Charles Wymondesfold, Esq ; where there is a most beautiful Grotto, entirely formed by the taste, and in great measure by the hands of Mrs Wymondesfold.

Ye

Ye envious trees! why does your leafy pride,
 Stretch'd o'er the bending valley, WANTAGE hide?—
 Sure every MUSE and every GRACE will join
 With votive hands the fairest wreath to twine;
 Cull with assiduous toil the choicest flowers,
 And hang the brightest garland on her towers:
 While grateful Liberty shall love the shade,
 Her guardian chief where fostering Virtue laid;
 And BRITAIN'S Genius bless the hallow'd earth
 Which gave her patriot king, her ALFRED, birth.

That equal laws these happy regions share
 Springs, prince benign! from thy paternal care.
 Through the dark mists which Error o'er mankind
 Tenfold had spread, and wrap'd the human mind;
 At thy command fair Science shot her light,
 And chased the horrid gloom of GOTHIC night;
 To ISIS brink the wandering MUSES led,
 And taught each drooping art to lift her head:
 Hence with the warrior laurel's blood stain'd bough
 That binds with sacred wreath thy conquering
 brow,
 Wisdom's illustrious Goddess interweaves
 With mystic hand her olive's peaceful leaves.

Thine

Thine is the gift that here no alien crew,
 To venal interest more than justice true,
 Judge with unpitying eye misfortune's cause,
 With cruel power enforcing cruel laws;
 But watchful THEMIS o'er each freeman rears
 That sacred shield, THE JUDGMENT OF HIS PEERS,
 By which protected BRITAIN's dauntless train
 See factions rage, and tyrants frown, in vain.
 O dear-bought Freedom ! if thy holy flame
 Burns in our souls, nor rests an empty name;
 If for thy sake the kindling warmth we feel
 Unwarp'd by selfish views or party zeal;
 May we with wakeful, nay with jealous, eye
 Regard this hallow'd source of Liberty;
 This once attack'd, on which her rights depend;
 May every breast the guardian power defend;
 Each patriot tongue assert our injured laws,
 And pour resistless sounds in freedom's cause;
 Each patriot arm, should eloquence be vain,
 Lift the dread falchion on the embattled plain;
 May we with more than ancient zeal pursue
 Rights, ROME and boasted SPARTA never knew;
 Guard this PALLADIUM with our latest breath,
 Or perish with it in a glorious death !

Where from the fertile plain yon hills arise,
 Quit the low vales and shoot into the skies,

Carved

Carved rudely on the pendant sod, is seen
 The * snow-white courser stretching o'er the green :
 The antique figure scan with curious eye,
 The glorious monument of victory !
 There ENGLAND rear'd her long dejected head,
 There ALFRED triumph'd, and invasion bled.
 Long had proud DENMARK stretch'd the iron hand
 Of harsh oppression o'er the groaning land ;
 The freeborn swains, to mean subjection broke,
 In silent sorrow bore the opprobrious yoke :
 Their virtuous prince to wilds and forests driven,
 No shed to screen him from the inclement heaven,
 Hears all around his subjects cries ascend,
 And sees them sink unable to defend ;
 Chaced by his foes disguised he treads the plain,
 A wretched exile in his own domain !
 Much hardship borne, and many dangers past,
 On suffering virtue fortune smiles at last :
 Arroused to vengeance by his people's woe
 He frowns defiance on the insulting foe ;
 Leaves every fear and every doubt behind.—
 High waves the SAXON banner to the wind !

* White horse hill, so called from the figure of a horse in
 chalk, on the side of a hill ; from which also the adjacent vale
 takes its name : it is said to have been cut in commemoration of
 a victory gained over the Danes, by Alfred.

Fired at the sight, the country far and wide
 Pours forth her veteran sons on every side ;
 His trusty bow each hardy yeoman draws,
 Or lifts his shining brand in freedom's cause :
 Freedom resounds from each determined voice,
 Freedom the first, and death the second, choice ;
 Courage and Conquest o'er their helmets play ;
 The invader trembled at the dread array ;
 Onward resistless march'd the impetuous host ;
 And fell Oppression fled the hostile coast :
 The exulting steed in conquering standards flies,
 While DENMARK's raven screaming quits the skies ;
 And hence the victor's jocund hands portray'd
 The SAXON ensign on yon verdant glade.

His country freed, discerning ALFRED saw
 How vain the civil bond of social law ;
 Of crowds untrain'd how weak the hasty aid,
 When force prevails, and barbarous hosts invade.
 That policy which guards each modern throne
 Was then to Europe's bounded kings unknown ;
 No artful statesman then with treacherous breast
 Arm'd half a people to enslave the rest.
 With milder care a rampart firm he plan'd
 To save from future foes the happy land ;
 The noblest rampart liberty can find,
 When freemen guard, the freedom of mankind.

E

He

He taught each sturdy laborer of the field
 The fickle and the sword by turns to wield :
 With chearful industry the generous swains
 Till for their wealthy lords the peaceful plains ;
 Or, roused from rural toil by wars alarms,
 Beneath their well known banners rush to arms.
 Let other realms where Freedom never smiled,
 O'er-awed by rigor, or by fraud beguiled,
 See mercenary bands surround the throne,
 Or safety seek from alien arms alone :
 But shall not ENGLAND blush for every son
 Too proud to guard the rights his fires have won ?
 Rights, in whose cause full many a warrior stood,
 By toil obtain'd, and seal'd with patriot blood !
 Though envy frown, though venal millions blame,
 Shall she not ever love her CHATHAM's name,
 Who while on distant climes her rage he pour'd,
 Prudent at home this best defence restored ;
 Her manly sons array'd with parent care,
 Aroused once more her rustic youth to war,
 And bade her breezy hills, and fruitful plains,
 Send forth in arms again their native swains.
 Lives there a man in this exulting isle,
 Who sees our orchards bloom, our harvests smile,
 Who every breath in perfect freedom draws,
 His rights protected by the noblest laws ;

Would

Would wish to break the fence by wisdom plan'd,
 And wrest the sword from every freeman's hand,
 Wish to behold our bare defenceless coasts
 Unarm'd, or guarded but by foreign hosts ?
 Dare thy strong powers O eloquence employ,
 This best internal bulwark to destroy ?—
 Though every guile of specious fraud he use,
 'Mid listening crowds his poison to infuse ;
 Try every wile his curs'd designs to hide :—
 Superior truth his cunning shall deride,
 Shall tear each paltry mean disguise away,
 Expose his rancour to the face of day ;
 His selfish views to all mankind impart,
 And shew the traitor graven on his heart.

Now turn your eyes and from the mountain's brow
 Direct them to the cultured vale below ;
 How rich the spacious plains that stretch between !
 How ripe the harvests, and the meads how green ?
 The herds in myriads o'er the pastures throng ;
 And mingled lowings break each rural song.
 Where e'er with patient care the laborer's hand
 Guides the sharp plow-share through the fertile land,
 The farmers see the produce crown their toil,
 Eye the rich scene, and bless the happy soil.

Soon shall the yellow wealth whose swelling
grains

The stalk low bending hardly now sustains,
Stored in the barn with jocund labor, yield
To every rural sport the uncumber'd field.
The pointer then shall o'er the stubbled vale
Range unconfined, and catch the tainted gale :
The hound's quick scent, or greyhound's eager view,
O'er the smooth plain the timid hare pursue ;
Then swelling on the burthen'd breeze afar,
Shall burst the tumult of the woodland war ;
While rush the daring youth with breathless speed
To see the wily fox unpity'd bleed.
Let not the MUSE the active toil despise,
Or from the chase avert her angry eyes :
Though gentle * SHENSTONE deem'd the hunter's
throat

Drown'd with its clamorous strain the lyric note :
Though pensive THOMSON, indolently laid
Beneath the silver willows trembling shade,
Baiting with cruel art the treacherous hook,
To lure the guileless inmates of the brook,
Blame, as his hands the barbed weapon draw
From the mute wretches agonizing jaw,

* O peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre.

Those,

Those, who in manly sport with frantic joy
 The rapid tenants of the wood destroy :
 Yet has the warbling lyre in many a strain
 Described the active pleasures of the plain ;
 The meral bard of WINDSOR's royal groves
 Sings of the hunter, and his toil approves ;
 Even he, whose verse to mortal eyes has given
 The wrath of angels, and the wars of heaven,
 * Joyful has listen'd to the hounds, and horn,
 Rousing with chearful peal the slumbering morn :
 Nor shall with brow averse the rural Muse
 To SOMERVILLE the Poet's meed refuse,
 Whose skilful notes each sylvan pastime trace,
 And teach the various mazes of the chace ;
 Whence livelier thoughts and lighter spirits rise,
 Strength knits the limbs and courage fires the eyes,
 Glows in the ruddy cheek a purer blood,
 And rolls the tide of life a sprightlier flood.

Propitious now on BRITAIN's favor'd isle
 Though white-rob'd Peace and jocund Plenty smile ;
 Though while her wrath on hostile shores is hurl'd,
 Unhurt she sits amidst a warring world ;
 Say, have the tranquil scenes which now we see
 Been ever such, and must they ever be ?

- * Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbering morn.

Ah !

Ah! may not civil discord stalk again
 With bloody footsteps o'er her ravaged plain?
 Or sell invasion waste her fenceless coast,
 Her guardian fleet by adverse tempests toss'd?
 Then, if our country's bleeding breast demands
 The aid of dauntless breasts, and ready hands,
 To the stout race who haunt the hill and dale
 Will nothing then the hunter's toil avail?—
 While round her feeble votary's drooping brow
 What verdant wreaths shall letter'd sloth bestow?
 In vain may patriot zeal the bosom warm,
 If pale disease unnerve the willing arm:
 While the bold youth whose hardy frame defies
 The force of fighting winds and angry skies;
 Who braving winter's rage pursues the chase,
 The sleety tempest rattling in his face;
 Or when the dog star shoots his sultry rays,
 Ranges unconquer'd by the scorching blaze;
 Shall, if he lead BRITANNIA's rustic train
 To the dread conflict of some bloody plain,
 Shrink not, though summer suns their beams unfold,
 Or biting frosts intensely pierce with cold,
 But Freedom's call with steadfast march pursue
 Through noontide's sultry heat, or midnight's chill-
 ing dew.

Too much the enervate bards of modern days
 Attune to slothful ease their moral lays ;
 The seats of ancient lore their favorite theme,
 LYCEUM's shade, and hoary ACADEME ;
 Forgetful that the stadium's hardy toil,
 The boxer's cæstus, and the wrestler's oil,
 Sent GRÆCIA's heroes forth a vigorous train,
 Learn'd in the schools and victors on the plain.
 The * ATHENIAN sage, his Country's pride and
 shame,
 Is known to martial, as to letter'd, fame ;
 Now did he sooth with truth's divine behest,
 Young ALCIBIADES, thy fervent breast,
 Now through the paths of war thy steps he led,
 And † rear'd his guardian buckler o'er thy head.
 And ‡ he, whose mind with active virtue fraught,
 Practiced each lesson that his master taught,
 Not satisfied of love divine to dream,
 And frame republics by ILISSUS' stream ;
 The illustrious chief who led his glorious band
 O'er barren rocks, and deserts black with sand,
 Still undismay'd amidst surrounding woes,
 Still scattering terror on unnumber'd foes,

* Socrates.

† Plutarch mentions the circumstance of Alcibiades being wounded at Potidæa, and rescued by Socrates.

‡ Xenophon.

Learn'd

Learn'd 'midst the echoing forests to sustain
 The toils of war and all her horrid train;
 Then taught, descending to the embattled field,
 BARBARIAN rage and PERSIAN wiles to yield.

Let Luxury's filken sons with careless pride
 The votaries firm of manly toil deride,
 Wrap'd in inglorious sloth, let them despise
 The noble thirst of daring enterprise.
 But shall the MUSE, whose hand should point the
 road
 Which leads o'er rugged steeps to fame's abode;
 Whose voice should loudly chant each hero's name,
 To wake in other minds a kindred flame?—
 Shall she inglorious now in firen lays
 Lavish on harmless indolence her praise;
 Damp the strong flame that warms the noble breast,
 And hush each generous passion into rest?
 Shall she to those alone confine the song
 Who creep obscure life's tranquil vale along,
 And blame the dauntless few who dare explore
 The dangerous rocks of bold ambition's shore;
 Who tempt with venturous prow life's stormy seas,
 And toil themselves to buy for others ease;
 Unawed by tyrant power, or factious hate,
 Who tread with blameless feet the paths of state;

Or

BOOK II. FARINGDON HILL.

21

Or pluck bright honor's sacred meed afar,
 Undaunted, from the frowning front of war ?
 Well may with pious hand the indignant MUSE
 To many a victor's brow the wreath refuse,
 Well may she tear the laurel vainly spread
 O'er many a king's and many a warrior's head ;
 And curse a CÆSAR's or a CROMWELL's name,
 Though erring myriads call their savage fame.
 But shall not they who conquer, or who die,
 In the great strife of injured Liberty,
 A tribute from the peaceful bard expect,
 Sung by those MUSES whom their swords protect ?
 Say cannot GREECE and ROME their warriors bring,
 To whom even Virtue's hand might strike the string ?
 Say cannot ALBION, 'mongst whose sons we find
 All that exalts and dignifies mankind ;
 Say cannot she afford such themes of praise
 As well might grace the poet's chastest lays ?
 She can !—She can !—Her ALFRED planning laws,
 Her Godlike HAMDEN bleeding in their cause ;
 Guiding with uncorrupted hands the state
 Her WALSINGHAM in spite of fortune great ;
 Her gallant WOLFE triumphant even in death
 While weeping Victory caught his parting breath ;
 Her HAWKE, whose ardor rocks nor shoals could bar,
 Nor the dread rage of elemental war,

F

While

42 FARINGDON HILL. BOOK II.

While his bold fleet the GAUL's design explores,
Destroys his navy, and insults his shores;
Are themes whose force the coldest bard may fire,
To call forth rapture from his sounding lyre,
While Truth shall listen to the warbling strings,
And Reason vindicate what Fancy sings.

Enough, rash MUSE! tempt not the arduous
height

Which asks the Epic or Pindaric flight:
To the fair vale again reduce the lay,
Ere envious twilight snatch the scene away;
For evening's shades with deepening tint prevail,
And darkness soon shall wrap the misty dale.
Here * COLESHILL's towers demand their share of
fame,

Proud of their site, and their great artist's name;
There, shelter'd from the storm by bowering trees,
The milder charms of verdant † BECKET please.
What though her level lawn nor sinks, nor swells,
Forms rising hills, or hollow-winding dells;
Yet every friend to genuine taste, who roves
Or by her shining lakes or through her groves,

* The Seat of the Earl of Radnor, built by Inigo Jones.

† The Seat of Lord Barrington.

Shall

Shall see a grace in every solemn shade,
 And own that beauty crowns each watry glade.
 Let Taste capricious strive to charm the heart
 With all the nice perplexities of art,
 With toil immense a sickly scene produce
 Trifling in ornament, as void of use,
 Bid BRITAIN'S hills ARABIA'S sweets perfume,
 Bid in our vales SABÆAN roses bloom,
 Bid summer's fruits midst winter's frosts appear,
 Force stubborn Nature and invert the year:
 To blend utility with each design
 The nobler praise, O BARRINGTON! be thine;
 The smooth canal whose ample sheet supplies
 Food for the board, and pleasure to the eyes,
 O'er the morass in shining volumes laid
 Drains the moist surface of the rushy glade,
 And where the marsh and frequent slough impede
 The shatter'd carriage, and the floundering steed,
 There the firm causeys formed by useful care
 O'er the deep vale the thankful traveller bear.

Contract the prospect now, and mark more near
 Fair FARINGDON her humble turret rear,

F 2

Where

44 FARINGTON HILL. Book II.

* Where once the tapering spire conspicuous grew,
Till civil strife the sacred pile o'erthrew :
For as on hapless STUART's ruin bent,
Against yon walls their lord his thunder sent,
And led with ruthless rage the hostile train,
While his own weeping LARCS plead in vain,
The balls invade, with erring fury driven,
The hallow'd structure consecrate to heaven.
Such is alas the baleful fruit that springs
From factious subjects and oppressive kings !

Beneath yon roof by the cold pavement press'd,
My peaceful fires in solemn silence rest.—
Imagination flags her pinions here,
And o'er the marble drops the filial tear ;
Here too the MUSE prepares the votive verse,
The mournful tribute to a parent's bier ;—
O sacred name ! by every tie endear'd !
Loved by your friends, by all who knew revered.
How well you bore, to freedom ever just,
This fertile county's delegated trust,

* Faringdon House had a royal garrison in the civil wars, and was one of the last places that held out for the king ; repulsing with great loss a large party of the Parliament forces, after the surrender of Oxford. Sir Robert Pye, owner of the house, who married a daughter of Hambden, and was a Colonel in the Parliament army, commanded this attack, in which the spire of Faringdon Church was beat down by the artillery.

The

The BRITISH senate saw, when firm you stood,
 Firm to fair virtue, and your country's good;
 Friend to the worth from patriot zeal that springs,
 No dupe to faction, and no slave to kings.
 How far your private merits could extend,
 How kind a father, and how warm a friend,
 My faltering voice would strive to sing in vain,
 For gushing tears would choak the imperfect strain;
 The force of words unequal to impart
 The strong sensations of my heaving heart.

Here ever slumbering with the silent dead,
 Thy daughter, glorious HAMDEN! rests her head.
 Ah cruel mother! say, why does not here
 Thy youthful HAMDEN press his early bier?
 Why does no storied urn his worth proclaim,
 Who shared his grandfire's virtues with his name?—
 Untimely on a distant shore he died,
 The wretched victim of a parent's pride.

Ye mourning Loves and Graces, aid the verse,
 While I in plaintive notes his woes rehearse;
 To these his native fields his wrongs relate,
 The hapless story of a Lover's fate.
 His youthful form could boast each manly grace,
 Health strong his nerves, and beauty deck'd his
 face;

Ingenuous

46 FARINGTON HILL. Book II.

Ingenuous shame, and truth that scorns disguise,
Glow in his cheek, and sparkle in his eyes :
But ah ! when manhood now with genial ray
Began to call his virtues into day,
Love ! all controuling love ! whose fatal power
Spare the rank weed to crop the blushing flower,
Nip'd all his ripening graces in their bloom,
And early mark'd his merits for the tomb.

An aged swain, whose lowly cottage stood
Where 'midst the valley spreads yon rising wood,
A lovely daughter had, whose matchless form
The frozen heart of sapless age might warm :
With falling snow her polish'd skin could vie,
Her lips the coral shamed, the jet her eye :
There love and modesty united speak,
And opening roses paint her glowing cheek ;
The soft redundance of her hair behind
Flow'd loose, and careless wanton'd in the wind ;
Such powerful charms the youthful HAMDEN fire,
He saw perfection, and he felt desire :
The growing passion every thought employs,
Disturbs his peace, and poisons all his joys.
MARIA'S image ever in his breast
His daily ease destroys and nightly rest ;
From his wan cheek the lively crimson flies,
And smiling health forsakes his sinking eyes :

No

No more his well-breath'd hounds, at early dawn
Ranging, dash eager o'er the dewy lawn ;
Now sad he wanders through the sylvan glades,
And sighs responsive to the lonesome shades,
Each Echo answers to his mournful tale,
And penfive numbers float on every gale.

But, as encreasing love resistless grew,
From his torn bosom vanquish'd prudence flew ;
To fair MARIA's feet he sighing came,
Confess'd her empire and avow'd his flame ;
Soon his soft words the beauteous virgin move,
And secret HYMEN crown'd his eager love.
Now peace and happiness appear to spread
Their flattering pinions o'er his favor'd head ;
Love every joy and every charm supplies,
And marks each golden moment as it flies.
Ah hapless pair ! the short-lived bliss enjoy,
Soon shall impending clouds your calm destroy ;
Even now, with more than mortal vengeance red,
The tempest bursts on each devoted head.

Ten quick-revolving moons had roll'd away,
And smiling transport crown'd each happy day ;
When various symptoms to the world disclose
MARIA soon must feel a mother's throes :

The

48 FARINGTON HILL. Book II

The busy neighbours round the tale proclaim,
 And scowling envy triumphs in her shame.
 At length the generous youth, distress'd to hear
 Each clownish tongue her reputation tear,
 Throws with indignant scorn the veil aside,
 And owns the fair MARIA for his bride.
 Soon as his cruel mother heard the tale,
 Swift grows her cheek with trembling anger pale;
 In vain his youth, in vain her beauties plead,
 Instant revenge pursues the imprudent deed;
 No worth could please to peasants when allied,
 No charms disarm the force of female pride.
 Say did thy father such distinctions find,
 Amidst the equal race of human kind,
 When his keen sword he drew in freedom's cause,
 And bled to vindicate her trampled laws?

While rage and hate the ruthless matron fire,
 She bears the fatal tidings to his fire,
 Tries every art a father's wrath to move,
 Awake his vengeance, and subdue his love.
 With savage cruelty they now divide
 The hapless HAMBLEN from his weeping bride:
 She rends her hair, and beats her breast in vain,
 Torn from her arms he seeks the distant main.

It

It chanced that BRITAIN's hardy sons prepare
To pour on haughty SPAIN their naval war.—
Brief let me be, the winds propitious blew,
Proud o'er the waves the gallant navy flew;
BRITAIN aloft her bloody ensign spread,
IBERIA saw, she trembled, and she fled;
While her resistless foes exulting bore
The spoils of India to their native shore.—
Ah gallant youth! nor native shore, nor friend,
Shall e'er to thee their welcome fight extend;
Far on a hostile coast thy body lies,
Wash'd by rude waves, or scorched by sultry skies.

When sad MARIA heard the tale of woe,
From her full eyes no gushing torrents flow;
No current gives her burthen'd breast relief;
But pale she sullen sits in silent grief;
Till, her heart bursting with redoubled sighs,
She calls her much lov'd HAMBLEN's name, and
dies.—

The haughty parents, then alas too late!
Mourn their unhappy son's disastrous fate;
Grieve for the woes their fatal rage supplied
Tear their gray locks, and curse their foolish pride;
Pour tears of anguish o'er MARIA's grave,
And weep the victims they refused to save.

Turn from these solemn scenes the averted head,
The awful mansions of the silent dead !
To where the green-rob'd Dryads joyful rove
'Midst the thick foliage of yon echoing grove :
Ah blissful seats ! beneath whose pleasing shade
My childhood and my youth delighted stray'd ;
Here first my eyes beheld the gems that shine
Bright and resplendent from the classic mine ;
While as I gazed my youthful bosom glow'd,
And from my tongue untutor'd numbers flow'd.
Here far from every selfish passion's reach,
Which the worlds dangerous school will often teach ;
I pour'd to real love one artless tear,
And breath'd at friendship's shrine the vow sincere.
The Muses here their grateful offerings pay,
And dedicate to you their closing lay ;
Nor ask a brighter wreath to grace their song,
Than verdant grows these waving woods among.
Blest, happy regions ! seats of joy and ease !
Which still have pleased me, and must ever please ;
Should e'er a tyrant's sway, or faction's roar,
Drive Liberty from this her native shore ;
Though following her, I'd rather friendless go
Through AFRIC's burning wastes, or ZEMBLA's
snow,

Than

BOOK II. FARINGDON HILL. 51

Than haunt these much-loved shades and favorite
springs,

Rob'd of the joys that independence brings :

Yet should I wander to a fairer plain

Than thought can paint, or youthful fancy feign ;

Still should I load with sighs the reckless wind,

Still weep those darling scenes I left behind.

If this be weakness ! from my beating heart

O never !—never ! may that weakness part !—

Let the proud Stoic with disdainful eyes

The thought of local prejudice despise,

And boast in every soil and every air

Where Virtue flourishes, his country there ;

But ask the generous train whose bosoms beat

With gentle feelings, as with patriot heat ;

Would not to see each long frequented shade

Low on the earth by hostile vengeance laid,

On ALBION'S desolated fields to gaze,

See her towers fall, her splendid cities blaze ;

Though every friend had left the ruin'd coast,

And weeping Freedom mourn'd her empire lost,

Still with new rage their kindling breasts inspire,

And bid their bosoms glow with fiercer fire.

But far from us such sad events shall be,

If aught the MUSE prophetic can foresee ;

Still PEACE and heavenly LIBERTY shall smile
With wonted sweetness on their long-loved isle;
Pale TYRANNY avoid the hostile shore,
And FACTION lift her scorpion scourge no more;
Each freeborn swain still reap with thankful hand,
Secure from wrongs, the produce of his land:
And lovely FARINGDON! my voice shall still
Or in thy groves, or on this healthful hill,
In rustic numbers sing the happy plains,
Where FREEDOM triumphs, and where BRUNSWICK
reigns.

THE END.

ODES, ELEGIES, &c.

353 HEBBIE

O D E.

On the Divine Omnipresence.

I.

O sacred Muse ! thy aid impart,
 To rapture wake the sounding lyre !
 And kindle in my panting heart
 A spark of more than mortal fire :
 With votive hands the lay consign
 To awful Majesty divine,
 On whom all life depends,
 Whose glorious form we wondering trace
 Through all the varied paths of space,
 Far as our bounded sight extends.—
 The search our dazzled reason leaves behind,
 Exceeds all depth of thought, and mocks the human
 mind.

II.

Whate'er on earth, in seas, or air,
 Strikes with delight the roving eye,
 Proclaims aloud the Eternal's care,
 And speaks a present Deity ;—

Those

Those who with active pinions cleave
 The yielding sky, the lucid wave
 In countless myriads throng,
 Or through the sylvan regions stray,—
 The insect offspring of a day,
 The echoing forest's vernal song,
 More strongly than an angel's voice declare
 Where e'er we turn our eyes, the God of Life is
 there.

III.

Now beyond earth's contracted goal
 On Contemplations wings arise,
 And mark the unnumber'd worlds that roll
 Their orbs stupendous thro' the skies.—
 My eye the splendid scene explores,
 And now my active fancy soars;
 To other suns, which far away
 On distant systems pour the blaze of day,
 Beyond where Saturn wheels his tedious flight
 Around our chearing source of light.—
 Forward in vain my restless thoughts I send,
 They rush for ever on nor find an end,
 On every side still open lie
 The boundless fields of vast immensity.—
 Could then my voice celestial numbers sing,
 My hands strike rapture from the lyric string,

Yet

Yet would my heart those numbers deem
 Unequal to the glorious theme;
 Unequal to exalt his holy name,
 Whose awful presence guides the amazing frame;
 Who, of all nature's wide extent the soul,
 Exists in every part, and animates the whole.

H

ODE.

O D E.

On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.

I. 1.

THE fading beam of parting day
 Forfakes the western sky,
 Now shine's DIANA's gentler ray
 With virgin majesty ;
 Her face with milder glory bright
 Illumes the dusky shades of night,
 And brings the varied scene to view.
 The glassy lake, and bubbling stream,
 Again reflect the borrow'd beam,
 And take a silver hue.

I. 2.

From the deep shade of yonder trees
 The screaming night birds call,
 While floats on ZEPHYR's balmy breeze
 The distant waterfall :
 Sad PHILOMELA's warbling throat
 Pours to the moon her plaintive note

And

And charms the lay-resounding grove,
Where, trembling at the gentle gale,
The verdant beech, and poplar pale,
With rustling murmurs move.

I. 3.

What dreadful sounds arise?—
These notes of rural music sink
And shrill toned clarions rend the skies;
The air a voice of triumph hears,
And lo! a form divine appears
On CHERWELL's sedgy brink.
His azure length of robe behind
Loosely wantons in the wind;
Glowing like the vernal morning
Beams benign his eyeballs shed;
CERES' wealth his brows adorning
Shades his venerable head.
Say heavenly vision what these notes portend?
Sits white-winged Vict'ry on BRITANNIA's arms?
Does proud IBERIA to her legions bend,
Or flies the GAUL at GRANBY's dread alarms,
Or stalks on INDIA's sun-burn'd coasts afar
The force of conflict keen, and giant rage of war?

H. 1.

- Far hence, he cried, the tumult's roar
- To distant realms shall fly :
- Mirth revels now on ALBION's shore
- With blythe festivity.
- Ye Muses twine each fragrant flower
- To crown the day, to crown the hour,
- Which gave to GEORGE a blooming heir :
- Ye Guardians of this favor'd isle
- On this your future monarch smile,
- Ye Nymphs your wreaths prepare.

H. 2.

- Come happy child ! delight the land
- Where time shall fix thy throne :
- O come, and take from Freedom's hand
- A sceptre all her own :
- And when the sacred lore of truth
- Displaid, shall form thy ripening youth,
- May every joyful BRITON find
- The soul of GEORGE's godlike race,
- With lovely CHARLOTTE's softer grace,
- Attemper'd, in thy mind.

H. 3.

II. 3.

' For thee on **AFRIC**'s sultry coast
 ' The **BRITISH** ensign proudly waves ;
 ' For thee by distant tempests tost
 ' Our navies awe the **GALLIC** pride
 ' On every shore, whose hostile side
 ' The boundless Ocean laves.—
 ' With nobler skill, and fiercer fire,
 ' Strike the rapture-breathing lyre :—
 ' Hark !—from **CAMBRIA**'s cloud topt mountains
 ' Music winds her stream along,
 ' As they flow the chrystal fountains
 ' Listen to the jocund song,
 ' Lo radiant forms and glorious shades appear,
 ' Fair as the morn in saffron mantle dight ;
 ' But strains divine ill suit the human ear,
 ' And fleeting visions mock the mortal sight.'—
 He said, and rushing from my wondering eyes,
 On volley'd lightening borne, he sought his native
 skies.

O D E

To Liberty.

O LIBERTY ! celestial maid !
 Where has thy vagrant fancy stray'd ?
 Dost thou from ANDES' rifted brow
 See boundless empires spread below,
 See ORELLANA pour his stream
 Through forests vast, where yet the beam
 Of garish day could never come
 To penetrate the twilight gloom ?
 Dost thou thy glowing bosom lave
 In shining PLATA's sea-broad wave ?
 Or dost thou listen to the roar,
 Where the collected waters pour
 Their dreadful course, and foaming sweep
 Down NIAGARA's horrid steep ?
 And shall thy form no more be seen
 On ALBION's hills and pastures green ?
 Wilt thou no more PLINLIMMON scale,
 Or sport in CLUYD's fertile dale ?

Wilt

Wilt thou IERNE's plains forsake,
 And quit KILARNEY's lovely lake ?
 Shall we thy footsteps trace no more
 On CALEDONIA's mountains hoar ?—
 Ah ! nor Proud DELPHI's rising glade,
 Nor PISA's consecrated shade,
 Nor PINDUS' mount, nor ACADEME,
 Nor famed EUROTAS' trophied stream,
 Could for an hour thy steps detain
 When GRÆCIA bowed to Vice's reign :
 Nor could alas ! the softest gale
 That blows o'er rich CAMPANIA's vale,
 Tempt thee to breathe the LATIAN air
 When Luxury's baleful train were there.
 Far from bright PHOEBUS' genial light,
 Thy wings indignant shaped their flight,
 To SCANDINAVIA's frozen plain,
 Eternal Winter's dear domain ;
 Where strong with toil each stubborn horde
 Joyful thy holy form adored :
 Tho', where their tribes the earth o'erran,
 Fell desolation led the van,
 Tho' Horror midst their armies stood,
 And drench'd their fatal paths with blood ;
 Yet theirs the unextinguish'd flame
 That glows at Freedom's sacred name,

Theirs

Theirs the firm breast that joys to bleed
 For Independence' godlike meed.
 But say, does ALBION hapless groan
 Beneath a Tyrant's bloody throne ?
 Say, do her dauntless Patriots feel
 The fatal ax, and torturing wheel ?—
 O'er her no cruel Tyrant reigns,
 No patriot blood her scaffolds stains.
 'Tis Luxury's insidious hand
 Spreading Corruption thro' the land ;
 'Tis Indolence whose powers controul
 Each nobler purpose of the soul ;
 'Tis noisy Faction's selfish aim,
 Disguised beneath thy specious name.
 These are the fiends whose fatal rage
 In every clime, and every age,
 Have overturn'd each noble pile
 Rear'd by thy hands with useless toil :
 But where in hardship's rugged school
 Mankind have learned themselves to rule,
 Pale Slavery there may shake in vain
 Her iron rod, and galling chain :
 No force the fearless soul can bind,
 Or bow the unconquerable mind.
 Scorn'd is the Tyrants harsh decrees
 Where inborn Virtue bids be free.

ODE.

ODE
TO BEAUTY.

I.

ENCHANTING power ! whose influence blest
O'er Nature reigns with pleasing sway,
Whose mild command each gentler breast
Enraptured glories to obey :
O give my ravish'd sense to trace
In every form thy polish'd grace,
Whether thy footsteps deign to tread
The level of the enamel'd mead,
Whether thou joy'ft to haunt the dale,
Or drink the mountain's ambient gale,
Or, with a more ambitious aim,
To animate the human frame,
Bid the bright eye resistless charm,
The snowy bosom swell, or shape the ivory arm.

I

II.

II.

When at the ETERNAL's dread command
 From Chaos rose this fabric fair,
 He bade thy ornamenting hand
 O'er all creation spread its care.
 By thee was Earth's maternal breast
 Involved in verdure's radiant vest,
 Heavens spacious arch thy tints embue
 With the deep azure's dazzling hue,
 O'er the bleak hill thy order bade
 The forest spread luxuriant shade,
 Thy fingers thro' the irriguous mead
 The river's shining current lead,
 Till its encreasing waters gain
 The unconfined expanse, of Ocean's vast domain.

III.

Glow not a shrub with vivid bloom
 Midst the recesses of the vale;
 Sheds not a flower its rich perfume
 To scent the pinions of the gale;
 Waves not a beech its leafy bough
 To shade the mountain's hoary brow;
 Bends not an osier dank to lave
 Its branches in the passing wave.

Down

Down the rude cliffs tremendous side
 Pours not a stream its whitening tide,
 Nor arch'd by silver poplar's, cool
 Spreads its smooth breast the lucid pool,
 But every Muse shall read thy care
 Shall trace thy vagrant step, and mark thy pencil
 fair.

IV.

But in the lovely Virgin's eye
 And polish'd form, and blooming face,
 Thy fairest lustre we desire,
 And gaze upon thy purest grace.
 Ah say ! can all the mingled flowers
 Whose roseate leaves, the circling hours
 On earth's green bosom lavish fling,
 When genial Zephyr breathes the spring,
 Please like the maid whose charms inspire
 The glowing wish of young desire ?
 Tho' blush with varied dyes the trees
 Tho' sweets ambrosial load the breeze,
 Flies every bloom, fades every green,
 Till female Beauty deign to crown the enchanting
 scene,

V.

Beneath the spicy forest's shade
 The INDIAN breathes his amorous vow.
 Where ice eternal binds the glade
 Thy power the frozen ZEMBLIANS know ;
 For there thy beam with heavenly light
 Has chear'd the gloom of polar night.
 Where to the Eunuch's fervile care
 Luxury commits the imprison'd fair,
 There o'er the desolated plains
 Stern Slavery unresisted reigns,
 But where Love's gentler rights are known
 Which mutual freedom gives alone,
 There Courage dwells, ingenuous Shame,
 And Virtue's holy meed, and Glory's ardent flame.

VI.

But tho' the smiling Landscape spread
 Its richest views on every side,
 Tho' waves each oak its solemn head,
 In all the pomp of leafy pride :
 What pleasure shall these scenes impart,
 How sooth to rest the laboring heart,
 If malice fell, or black despair,
 Or keen remorse inhabit there ?

And

And say can all the charms that lie
 In **HEBE's** cheek, or **HELEN's** eye,
 Delight, if scorn, or cold disdain,
 Or changes desultory reign,
 Or Jealousy's tormenting sway,
 Usurp the power of Love, or cloud his golden ray.

VII.

'Tis in the conscious mind alone
 That **BEAUTY** shews her purest beam,
 There stands secure her lasting throne
 Not idly borne on Fancy's stream :
 Tho' the rude blast, and wintry storm,
 The blooming Landscape's charms deform,
 Tho' withering time, or pale disease,
 Bid the wan cheek no longer please,
 Yet if within the feeling breast
 Soft pity dwell a welcome guest,
 If smiling Peace, and Meekness sweet,
 And Constancy there fix their seat ;
 Then shall thy charms despise the rage
 Of winters dreary frown, and mock the force of age.

ELEGY

E L E G Y

Written on the first of September,
1763.

WHEN the still night withdrew her sable shroud,
And left these climes with step sedate and slow ;
While sad AURORA kerchief'd in a cloud,
With drizzly vapors hung the mountain's brow ;

The wretched bird from hapless PERDIX sprung
With trembling wing forsook the furrow'd plain,
And calling round her all her listening young,
In faltering accents sung this plaintive strain :

‘ Unwelcome morn ! too well thy lowering mien
‘ Foretells the slaughter of the approaching day ;
‘ The gloomy sky laments with tears the scene
‘ Where crimson slaughter reassumes her sway.

‘ Ah luckless train ! Ah fate devoted race !
‘ The dreadful tale experience tells believe ;
‘ Dark heavy mists obscure the morning's face,
‘ But blood and death shall close the dreary eve.

‘ This

• This day fell man, whose unrelenting hate
 • No grief can soften, and no tears assuage,
 • Pours dire destruction on the feather'd state;
 • While pride and rapine urge his savage rage.

• I who so oft have scaped the impending snare,
 • Ere night arrives, may feel the fiery wound,
 • In giddy circles quit the realms of air,
 • And strain with streaming gore the dewy ground.

She said, when lo! the pointer winds his prey,
 The rustling stubble gives the fear'd alarm,
 The gunner views the covey fleet away,
 And rears the unerring tube with skilful arm,

In vain the mother wings her whirring flight,
 The leaden deaths arrest her as she flies;
 Her scatter'd offspring swim before her sight,
 And, bathed in blood, the flutters, pants, and dies.

ELEGY

ELEGY

Addressed to a Pine Tree.

THE ruffian North has spent his savage power,
Collects his winds, and quits the mountain's side;
And Auster mild with many a genial shower,
Renews the laughing meadow's grassy pride.

The active swallow wings her rapid flight
In sportive circles thro' the ether bland,
And in luxuriant foliage proudly dight
The verdant fathers of the forest stand.

No more beneath thy hospitable shade
The shepherd swains their amorous descant sing,
Each wanders forth amid the blooming glade
To hail the newblown daughters of the Spring.

Yet while yon elms, who now so gaily spread
Their leafy honors to the vernal gale,
Stood naked to the wintry winds, that shed
Their scatter'd glories o'er the wasted vale;

Thy

Thy limbs alone of all the dreary wood
 Could brave the snowy drift and chilling blast,
 Against the mingled storm uninjured stood,
 And mock'd the howling tempest as it past :

For this, while all the jocund swains around
 The blooming season praise with youthful glee,
 I'll teach the nodding coverts to resound
 A verse that's due to gratitude and thee ;

I'll rove where opening flowers their sweets combine,
 Where blossoms fair their varied odors breathe,
 With pious hand a fragrant garland twine,
 And on thy branches hang the votive wreath.

So, while in honor of the smiling year
 Echoes each hollow dale, and every grove,
 Thy venerable shade a lay shall hear
 Sacred to friendship firm, and constant love,

AVON AN ELEGY.

Written during the Stratford Jubilee.

FROM the clear stream that o'er her grotto flows
The silver-slipper'd Avon slowly rose,
And pensive on her chrystal urn reclined
Pour'd forth in notes like these her anxious mind.

‘ What frantic train is this whose noise invades
‘ The accustom'd stillness of my tranquil shades,
‘ Whose swelling clamors float my banks along,
‘ And drown the sweetness of each rural song,
‘ Fill all the woods around with festal roar,
‘ And fright the peaceful halcyons from my shore?—
‘ And see!—from ITALY's degenerate clime
‘ The mottled hero famed in Pantomime,
‘ Leads his exulting crew, with impious tread
‘ To soil the dust that pillows SHAKESPEARE's head:
‘ With midnight sounds they break his sacred sleep,
‘ And near his tomb opprobrious vigils keep.
‘ Resounding axes give the solar beam
‘ To scorch the borders of my lucid stream,

NOVA

‘ And,

' And, while around the weeping Dryads bleed,
 ' The sons of riot praise the fatal deed :—
 ' Them it becomes to praise : but 'midst the throng
 ' What honor'd voice is that which joins the song ?
 ' Canst thou whose powers could give this wonder-
 ing age
 ' To see the soul of SHAKESPEARE grace the stage,
 ' Canst thou misjudging, praise each cruel blow
 ' That lays the shade by Avon's current low,
 ' Canst thou approve those trees untimely doom
 ' That wave their foliage o'er thy SHAKESPEARE'S
 tomb,
 ' Or view the mottley sons of Masquerade
 ' Insult thy patrons venerable shade ?
 ' But hark ! loud riot swells on every side,
 ' And orgies dire pollute my virgin tide ;
 ' Ah ! let my ear the unhallow'd revels fly,
 ' Nor drink the sounds of midnight ribaldry.'
 She said, and plunging in the silver wave,
 Sought the calm refuge of her silent cave.

V E R S E S

Address'd to a L A D Y.

OF toil you say a moderate share
In each pursuit should rise,
Too much may make our hearts despair,
Too little we despise :

In every common case I own
The justness of the thought,
A fly may be too quickly won,
The world too dearly bought.

Not so in love ; his charms depend
Upon himself alone,
No foreign circumstance can lend
A lustre to his throne :

Tho' gain'd without one care, his joys
High-valued must remain,
Are cheaply purchased when the prize
Of industry and pain.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

Omnia vincit amor.

O Love, tho' VIRGIL's lays ascribe
 Refistless power to thee,
Yet still I thought the happy tribe
 Of Dulness, ever free;

Potent I deem'd her ample shield
 Her favorite sons to save,
Tho' to thy soft dominion yield
 The virtuous, wise, and brave:

But since I see, thy vot'ry grown,
 Even PARIDEL obey,
I find myself compel'd to own,
 Thy universal sway.

THE MYRTLE AND BRAMBLE.

A FABLE.

LUXURIANT with perennial green,
A Myrtle young and lovely stood,
Sole beauty of the wintery scene,
The fairest daughter of the wood:

Close by her side a Bramble grew,
Like other Brambles rude with thorn,
Who sicken'd at the pleasing view,
Yet what she saw seem'd to scorn:

Full oft to blast each hated charm
She call'd the fiery bolts of Jove;
But Jove was too polite to harm
Aught sacred to the Queen of Love:

Yet was her rage not wholly cross'd,
BOREAS was to her wishes kind,
And from his magazines of frost
He summon'd forth the keenest wind.

A thousand

A thousand clouds furcharged with rain
The ruffian god around him calls ;
Then blows intense, and oer the plain
A fleecy deluge instant falls :

No more the Myrtle bears the belle,
No more her leaves luxuriant shew,
The thorny Bramble looks as well,
Powder'd, and perriwig'd with snow.

Sure some gray antiquated maid,
The very Bramble of her sex,
To each invidious power has pray'd,
Our eyes and senses to perplex.

Fashion with more than BOREAS' rage
A universal snow has shed,
And given the hoary tint of age
To every lovely female's head.

O break thy rival's hated spell,
Kind Nature ! that where'er we ramble,
Thy work from COURTOI's we may tell,
And know a Myrtle from a Bramble.

F I N I S.

(5)

A thousand clouds were passing
The wind was strong and cold
The sun was shining, and the rain
A heavy dew lay on the plain

The moon was shining in the sky
The stars were bright and clear
The wind was strong and cold
The sun was shining, and the rain



A thousand clouds were passing
The wind was strong and cold
The sun was shining, and the rain
A heavy dew lay on the plain

